[ficlet] Human AU: Loss.

• Mar. 21st, 2011 at 3:58 AM

Title: Human AU: Loss.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: PG.
Warnings: Angelcest mentions.
Pairings/Characters: Mentions of Gabriel/Raphael, Michael +/ Lucifer.
Word Count: 736 words.
Summary: The morning after the drunken episode, Michael might be drowning himself, Gabriel's freaking out, Lucifer's dealing with loud noises, and something's gone terribly wrong with Raphael.
Note: Written for **spn_30snapshots**, with the prompt loss being used for this one. Twelve down, eighteen to go!

Also? Don't start reading here. Go here and start with #4, as that's the first story in this collection. You'll be confused otherwise.

Lucifer wakes up to an unpleasant pain behind his eyes, the sound of water running, and most importantly, Gabriel tugging at his shoulder, looking almost scared.

"What happened?" Lucifer asks, and has to clutch his head, because that was too loud.

"Raphael snapped or something," Gabriel says quietly, and Lucifer almost thanks him for it. "I need you to make sure I'm not dreaming."

"...Fine," Lucifer says, and gets out of bed, heedless that he's naked, heedless that he still hears the sound of water.

"Where's Michael?" Gabriel asks, holding out a pair of pants.

"Drowning himself, probably," Lucifer answers, and then his brain puts what he just said together with the sound of running water and he darts to the door, ignoring the pants, trying the knob.

Locked.

"Michael," Lucifer calls, then holds his head again. "Are you dead?" He asks, quieter now.

"Yes," Michael's voice comes out a moment later, and then Gabriel is putting pants in his arms again.

This time Lucifer puts them on.

"You actually look concerned about him," Gabriel comments and Lucifer holds up a hand, giving him a look that could destroy lesser men. "Right, gotcha, I said nothing."

Lucifer nods, glad that he doesn't need to talk to convey what he means.

"C'mon," Gabriel says a moment later, and leads Lucifer to his room, where Raphael is

rooting through Gabriel's dresser, and he's...whistling? Lucifer has to blink to make sure he's not dreaming, and then has to clutch his head, because *ow* he cannot stand sound today.

"Raphael?" Gabriel asks, and his tone of voice, how he sounds almost afraid - that makes Lucifer look at him, to make sure Gabriel's fine.

"Yes, Gabriel?" Raphael answers, and he sounds nothing like himself: happy, glad to see Gabriel, almost fond of him.

Lucifer understands why Gabriel looks afraid, now.

"Just...talk to Lucifer now. Please." Gabriel rubs his face, then hurries out of the room, leaving them alone together.

"Lucifer? That's an unfortunate name," Raphael says, and so many things are wrong with this entire situation that Lucifer just makes his way to the bed and sits on it.

"Excuse me," Raphael touches his shoulder. "Are you alright?"

Lucifer shakes his head, not trusting himself to speak. It's so strange, because he always knows what to feel, or think, or do in any situation, but this...

"Can I help?" Raphael asks.

Lucifer can't help himself; he remembers this all too well, from memories he had long ago tried to bury, tried to forget, even when memories were all he had.

He *remembers* this Raphael, this kind angel who wanted to help him, didn't understand why there would be a need for healing, but all too willing to offer aid.

He remembers the first time Raphael fought, remembers a clash of swords before Michael took over the fight, as Raphael fell back, and -

"You can't," Lucifer tells Raphael.

"Why?" Raphael asks, and he looks so heart-breakingly innocent that Lucifer cannot help but stand and go after Gabriel. He flees down the stairs and to the kitchen, to where Gabriel is drinking water and looking just as spooked as Lucifer feels.

"What happened to him?" Lucifer demands of Gabriel, heedless now of how the sound hurts. He needs answers, and he needs to know what Gabriel did, because surely it was something Gabriel did, or the alcohol, because -

"I don't know," Gabriel says, putting the glass in the sink and refilling it. "I swear I don't know. I woke up to him like that, honest." He drinks the water again, and Lucifer watches him, wishing he weren't telling the truth.

"Then...how..." Lucifer asks, not knowing exactly what he wants to ask.

"I woke up to him *smiling*," Gabriel says, and his hands tremble as he refills the glass. "He's...he thinks we're *partners*, boyfriends! Told me it would be alright!"

Gabriel sounds hysterical. Lucifer understands completely.

He watches Gabriel breathe, calming himself, and when there's a noise on the stairs Lucifer takes it upon himself to investigate.

It's Raphael. Lucifer turns around and re-enters the kitchen, tapping Gabriel's shoulder.

"What is it?"

"He's coming," Lucifer says quietly, and, "I should remove Michael from the bathroom. Excuse me."

It might be cruel of him, but a convenient excuse to leave Raphael to someone else is what he wants right now.

That and he does need to make sure Michael's not drowning himself.

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